Prince. Well, here is my legge.

Falſ. And here is my ſpeech: ſtand aſide Nobilitie.

Ho. O Ieſu, this is excellent ſport, yfayth.

Fal. Weepe not ſweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

Ho. O the father, how he holdes his countenance?

Fal. For Gods ſake Lords, conuey my truſtfull Queene:
For teares doe ſtop the floud-gates of her eyes.

Ho. O Ieſu, he doth it as like one of theſe harlotry Players, as euer I ſee.

Fal. Peace good Pint-pot, peace good tickle braine.
Harry, I doe not onely maruell where thou ſpendeſt thy time, but alſo, how thou art accompanied: For though the Cammomile the more it is troden, the faſter it growes; yet youth, the more it is waſted, the ſooner it weares: thou art my ſonne, I haue partly thy mothers word, partly my opinion; but chiefly, a villanous tricke of thine eye, and a fooliſh hanging of thy neather lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be ſonne to me, here lieth the point; why, being ſonne to me, art thou ſo poynted at? ſhall the bleſſed ſonne of heauen proue a nicher, and eate Black-berries? a queſtion not to be askt. Shall the Sonne of *England* proue a thiefe, and take purſes? a queſtion to be askt. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou haſt often heard of, and it is knowne to many in our land, by the name of Pitch; this Pitch (as ancient writers do report) doth defile: ſo doth the company thou keepeſt: For *Harry*, now I do not ſpeake to thee in drinke, but in teares: not in pleaſure, but in paſsion; not in wordes onely, but in woes alſo: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prin. What manner of man, and it like your Maieſtie?

Fal. A goodly portly man yfaith, & a corpulent, of a cheerfull looke, a pleaſing eye, & a moſt noble carriage, & as I thinke, his age ſome fifty, or birlady, inclining to threeſcore, and now I remember me, his name is *Falſtaffe*: if that man ſhold be lewdly giuen, he deceiues me. For *Harry*, I ſee vertue in his lookes; if then the tree may be knowne by the fruite, as the fruite by the tree, then peremptorily I ſpeake it, there is vertue in that *Falſtaffe*, him keepe with, the reſt baniſh: and tell mee now, thou naughty varlet, tell mee, where haſt thou been this month?

Prince,